Fort Dodge, Iowa.
December 12 1874.

Dear Miss Chandler,

A poor postscript to my letters from these prairies were but a poor apology for the full letter of regard which I delight to forward to my admirable friend, whose acquaintance and correspondence has delighted and graced so many occasions in time past. and promises, let me believe, like satisfactions in future years.

I hurried away from home so unexpectedly that I failed of the parting call which I promised myself: And the more desired, for having been cheated out of yourself at "Our

"Club meeting, at my house. The
more in prospect! and a long stay
when Summer, nay, when Spring
with its blossoms and birds comes again.
I wish you may enjoy your Muses,
meanwhile, and relate your fellowships
when we shall meet.

I am finding much to admire,
and little to dislike in these Western
homes and schools. Strength and
freshness, if not the learning and
refinement common at the East.
Less bookish and mannered, the people
impress me favorably by their
frankness and hospitality alike
of behavior and to liberal ideas.
May I add that even to such as
myself, not a Sunday has past without
an opportunity offered me to speak in

some pulpit of some one or other religious persuasion, and I have done so — a liberality not common in New England. And "Conversations" follow with scarcely an interruption every evening. The schools moreover, appear to be progressive and school buildings the costliest structures seen in the smallest towns. Of course, I am indulged in telling the pupils something of the author of "Little Women", in all. I am favored thus far with health and spirits for my work, and find the field attractive. It is fertile soil for sowing the seeds of an ideal culture.

The climate is delightful. The days have been sunny for the most part, slight snows have fallen but were dissolved soon, and the air is clear and invigorating. Invalids from the East find it salutary and restorative for their common maladies. —

I have happy news from Home, and by last letters accounts of the Birthday celebration. I trust you see Louisa sometimes. I grieve to learn that she is not yet freed from her ails.

I purpose passing the Holidays with the Adams' at Dubuque. It may be far into the winter season before I return to Concord.

I have written under pressure and hastily. I need not add my affection and deep regards for yourself.

My address till Christmas is to the care of "Austin Adams, Dubuque, Iowa, May I expect a little note from you? Meanwhile, Cordially Yours,

A. Bronson Alcott.

Miss Chandler./

m-2
1-2
39